THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1355.

Original Poetry.

A SERENADE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

BY ANNA FLEMING.

I.

Singing, I've crossed the lake,
Lady, who sleepest then?
Sun hither let weary bow,
Daylight is dreaming now
Love alone is awake.

II.

Lady why sleepest then?
Stars wink their eyes on high,
Moon travels up the sky:
No one should lose I.
Lady, why wander then?

III.

Sun hides his weary bow;
Cars hardly weave his hand,
Clover with blossoms red
Yawns in its grassy bed.
Lady, who lingers then?

IV.

Daylight is dreaming now;
Flowers and meadow all
Nodding in slumber's thrall,
Earth sweetest at all.
Lady, oh! hear me now!

Love alone is awake;
Alas! I begin to fear
Vainly I linger here.
My song then wilt not hear
Lady, I cross the lake.

ALONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMSTEAD.

Silence broods o'er the lake like a pall, and Night,
The solemn chief-winged Night is here;
And now my soul hath found a stronger delight,
To see thee sweeping on kindred beauty near;
Yet I am not alone though all is still,—
The dead are with me! through the phantom gloom
Roll the heart's mighty voices as a rill
That sparrow in fetters, and across my room
The shadow of departed years send air
Like faint cloud shadows o'er the gleaming grass:
I hear their footsteps, stronger and firmer,
As by my side the golden phantoms pass;
The winds awake, a cold wind with the moon,
Darkness is round me, I am not alone.

Original Tales.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HELEN W. IRVING.

"——" My only joy a sitting hours
Are all days because she entered them,
That dream of thee, which Raphael powers
Have made with all but life-breath warm."

Jane was just flinging her many enchantments over the last of high distinction in one of our Eastern cities, gathered together the various implements of his profession, preparatory to starting on a journey of adventure, among the lakes and hills of his native State. He was a painter, of rare talent and lofty purpose—a poet and sculptor, but painting was the passion of his soul. During the preceding winter he had been engaged upon a work of exquisite conception, out of which the enthusiastic artist hoped yet to see a halo of glorious fame. Midnight and noon found him toiling with a fervor that well-nigh wore the pale cheek told too plainly of health impaired by hours of intense toil. So, according to the advice of his physician, he was to spend the summer months amid the wild scenery of his own New England—he need not neglect his favorite easel, said a voice in the fresh mountain air, how idle would soon invigorate his wearied frame.

Reginald Gray possessed a true artist's soul—he was some few years past from the meridian, but the freshness of childhood's morning still lingered fondly round his heart, where welled the fountain of an ever-gushing kindliness.

Some five years ago, he had laid away in the cold earth his dearest treasures, a wife and only child, and the native impressions of his nature shall be never had somewhat chastened. Aside from the lately intellect that stamped for his features, there was an expression of earnest and thoughtful gravity, irresistibly attractive to the beholder—a countenance, you have seen such, which you involuntarily turn to again and again, because one is fell like a sun-ray on the heart. Casting aside for a while all sombrous toils and cares, the artist sat out upon his pilgrimage, his pencil his only companion.

The second day of his journey found him in one of those sweet villages, blossoming like flowers in the bosom of the New England hills. His aggestive eye drank in delightedly the rich and varied scenery—health seemed coming down to him in every mountain breeze, and charmed by the enchanting loveliness around him, he resolved to make this spot, for a while, his home. So, ordering his luggage from the vehicle from which he had just alighted, he entered the village inn.

And now, each day was the stranger seen wandering by moss, lake, and river, climbing the high hills, or stretching under the shade of the lofty trees, a smile in his eye, and a kind word on his lip for all who met him in his daily walks.

It was about a week after his arrival that second ing a gentle eminence, at the end of the long winding village street, he came suddenly upon a picturesque cottage, shaded by a wide-spreading group of noble elms. As he gazed wonderingly around, captivated by the grace of the sweet scene, his eye fell upon a figure that had just emerged from the high white brow back on his bearing heart. Rosh in hand, and clad beneath the overskirt of green a fair young girl, as like—oh! so very like his precious lost one—as blooming the images of his sainted and cherished child, that the artist's breath came quick, and his pulse grew faint, as irresistibly he drew near the spot where she was seated.

The beautiful was Aline Fenton—a rare embodiment of thought and feeling. Like all whom Heaven has gifted with a sensitive, fervid genius-soul, the cautious years of childhood had not long gazed into mature years, only its sinless purity was folded to her heart—unchanging.

At sixteen, there slept upon her brow the calm serenity of a fully developed woman—one to whom life was filled with high and holy purposes—one whose ethereal mind idealized all by which it was surrounded. The expression of her face, beautiful in its Grecian contour, might be said to be that of a tender enthusiasm, while upon her figure dwelt an ever-present smile, as though the angels had not yet forgotten to whisper in her dreams.

The advent of a stranger is no small a village as M——, not long remained a secret, and as Aline at the sound of approaching footsteps, slowly raised her large eyes, and was conscious of a man looking upon her a gaze so full of intense interest.

Of the fame of Reginald Gray she had often heard, and a flush lighted her pale cheek, as she rose with a feeling of awe at the presence of genius.

But the kindly smile, and the still kinder tone, reassured her, and she timidly led the way for the agitated artist to enter her sweet home.

The mother received him cordially—these were mutual self introductions, and so he spoke with all the impulsive eloquence of sincerity, of the memories awakened by the young being before him, the form of his heavenly flower dim, and her beauty went out in one ceaseless tide of sympathy.

Aline had drawn a low ottoman to his feet, and was looking earnestly in his face, losing the remembrance that he was *great*, in the consciousness that he was good. How quickly melt away the frigid bars of formality, before the sunlight of truth and kindliness.

Aline felt that there was a tone in the artist's soul, akin to the music of her own, and poured out her spirit with a frank confidingness, which only the pure can feel, the pure alone appreciate. She had confessed her enthusiastic, adoring love, for the glorious art of painting—and he had won her to bring to him the offering of her own untaught pencil. As sketch after sketch, in the little portfolio met his gaze, his eye dilated, and his cheek glowed with delight.

"Believe, me, Aline," said he, "when I tell you they are beautiful, wonderfully beautiful; had they been shown me by other than your own self, I would not have believed them the work of so young a hand. Say, my child," continued he, laying his hand upon her head, "will you be my pupil? Shall I teach you all I know of my own loved art?" The girl turned her eyes full up to his, as though she hardly understood him, then leaned her face in his hands, with a joy too deep for aught but tears. Oh, how life seemed to open to her in one glorious burst of light! even then she had ever dared to hope, seemed now flung at her feet like a fairy gift—and passionately grasping the extended hand, she pressed forth in kisses words the intense delight that thrilled her very soul.

And now each morning was the artist seen wandering up the hill to breakfast at the "White Cottage," and to guide the pencil of his young and lovely pupil. The little parlor had become a studio, lighted by the presence of youth, and hope, and love.

Aline was a petted darling—the only child of her mother, and she a widow"—accustomed to see nothing but every wish gratified, and she soon began to discover that it was a long walk which their artist friend took each morning for her sake—and was sure he would be happier away from the noise and tumult of the inn, and would it not be a token of their gratitude to offer him a home in the cottage. The mother's heart said aye,—the invitation was cordially given and gratefully accepted, and that very day saw the artist domiciled in a neat little room at the cottage, tastefully arranged by Aline's own hand.

In her every hour that spoil onward seemed to bring a new and more joyous life. It was her delight to be ever near her kind friend; to anticipate each want, and in the beautiful leisure to be acquired. Arrayed in her long sun bonnet, with portfolio hanging upon her arm, the would wander with him on the banks of the lake, or in the forest, culling from its familiar beauty, or, standing on some commanding cliff, paint out the varied loveliness of the landscape. When at his return at night, how hastily she flew to arrange the pencils, tap among the hills, she would read to him from some cherished volume sing for her lover, or sit at his feet and talk of things dear to them both.

Thus the golden hours that were devoted to her—when the artist would guide her eager pencil, or speak to her of the mysteries of his divine art, and her spirit grew up among its influences, deepening upon her cheek, he would put aside the too fascinating task, and merely attempt the sculpture—for the young artist's love of form for the materials about him. To Aline it was a scene of delighted wonderment, when beneath the plastic touch of her instructor, some fair form of beauty, or grotesque would emerge from the rough plaster.

And as the mother marked the kindling eye, or the joyous smile which lighted up her face, was not in grateful love to him who had hung such a heaven of happiness about her child—who, while he minis to her heart's every high and holy impulse, had the power to win her from her deep thoughts and lonely musings.

Many few happy

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum. $1 to subscribe, $1 if not paid in advance.

For $5 an advance one copy will be sent three years To Clubs we make the following generous terms:

4 COPIES,	$10.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$20.00	" "
13 "	$30.00	" "
20 "	$40.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remittances must always come the Post Office concerned from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Peter Piper's Practical Magazine" for one year—in, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Farmer's Library," a Magazine, for one year, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or "The Pioneer," Pictorial Magazine. Two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piper's" Pictorial Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remitting, when it is at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

The original tale on our first page, "Sunlight and Shadow," is by a young author of whom very high expectations have been formed, by persons of first rate literary judgment.

"Constancy" is, we think, a nice tale on the whole, though we hardly know whether to like the concluding sentence entirely, or not. What is your opinion about it, reader?

"Speculation in Whiskers," is one of the best humorous tales we have read for many a day. And the other selections are interesting. Take it for all in all, we think this number will pass muster pretty well.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To ——. The first poem, which you wrote when you were "quite a boy," is too cloppy; the second, which you wrote when you were "home sweet home," is too stiff; the third, that you wrote "in fun," we are not willing to publish in earnest; and the fourth, written "in a hurry," we shall not worry our brains to read with much relish. Upon the fifth piece, however, scribbled on the back of some letter with a lead pencil, and nearly unintelligible, we did read, contrary to our rule, structured by the fact that it was written in a hurried manner, and by the time we came to the end of it, we found it rather a pleasant task. But, if ——— ever sends us a prose again, with the information that it was written in haste, or scrawled with any other excuse to devise it is not the very best he can do we shall take the liberty of laying it under our editorial table without perusal.

To MY ABSENT MOTHER. We do not think this poem of all equal to the one noticed some weeks since from the same writer and therefore respectfully decline it. If it was all so good, however, as the following verse, we would accept it thankfully:

Never thou my memory sorrow,
Now thou art far away;
It cannot like absence pierce
Or a recurring day.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Mr. Prinkle's story is well-told—but as we have no reason to believe that the person he mentions is a very common one, and as we do not like to run the risk of giving offence to any class whereby the prospect of doing some good by it, we must respectfully decline his tale.

LOVE NOT ALL A FLOWER. The poem is accepted

OUR LANGUAGE.

It is probably well known to most of our readers, that an attempt is now being made, and has been in progress for several years past, to substitute a new Alphabet for that now in use, every letter of which shall represent one elementary sound of the English language, and in this manner make the spelling at a word an infallible index of its correct pronunciation. Now this object, which appears at first view a very commendable one—though many will doubt at once, whether the supposed good to be attained be worth the cost—becomes upon more mature consideration, of, to say the least, very questionable propriety. For, on intimate in the relation between language and the theme which represent it, that a change in the former necessarily implies a change in the structure of the language itself. If the alphabet be made more precise and definite, the language itself must become more precise and definite. As no stable contemporary, as the American and Gazette," well says ——

The tendency of a phonetic system would, indeed, be to narrow down the diversities of our language, and establish a fixed unity of sound; and the main question would then be as to the best mode of such a system of restriction upon a language which has hitherto expressed all tastes, and been as heroic as and expressive, apparently, in proportion to its wild ness and irregularity.

It becomes, therefore, a very important question, whether in making the change desired, we should not sacrifice a great deal than we gained. Flexibility and copiousness are so important, we, move important than precision and definiteness. The former qualities are the most favorable for the ease of the imagination, the latter for those of science. And we are afraid that if these "new lights" or rate new darkeners were allowed to have their way, they would make the green meadows and shady road paths of the noblest literature the world ever knew, as trim and precise and artificial as a Dutch flower garden. They say, the English language was more perfect in Chaucer's time than it is now—and, by implication, that Spenser and Shakspeare and Milton, and Pope and Johnson, and Scott and Byron and Wordsworth, and hundreds of other learned and eloquent men, have thought and written, so far as the language is concerned, in vain. Yes, these great spenses have all been engaged in spoiling the language, as if now it is left for the geniuses of this day, to undo the mischief which for different geniuses have done. Modest, it is not!

"But it takes so long for children and foreigners to learn the language." Suppose it does. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they have acquired something after they have learned it, a language which is the grandest of our race; and which has laid all the world under contribution, and which is rich with the spoils of every nation, (as those that speak it are;) and not a mere Cherokee dialect of yesterday, base as a tree with hardly branches and no leaves. We have heard of writing down to the people. We have heard of writing in the language of a nation down to the comprehension of children of two years old, in condescending rather too much to the weakness of the intellect so old. But the writing we shall hear, will be of some wise philosopher's propensity to shall the slope into our intellect only half as high as ourselves, in order that the children may more easily stumble up them.

But the principal argument urged in favor of Phonetics we merely negative the present. The present language is accused of a great many things, some of which accusations we readily admit—others not at all. But if they are all true, it does not follow that we should abandon our mother tongue in disgust. Those great faults are but the shadows of great virtues. If the structure of the English language is loose and defective, it is owing to its ample of flexibility and copiousness. That the English, the greatest practical people in the world, have, to forming their language, chosen the virtues which now distinguish it, instead of choosing the opposite virtues, as the French have done, is to us but another proof of their greatness.

It, however, the cause of the reformation, our language has shown a disposition to run into too much excesses, even upon the right side, (which we do not become,) the effects to restrain the excess should be cautious and gradual—lest in pruning off excrescence, luxuriance also go with them. And for this reason, we are not disposed to look calmly upon the assumption of the pruning knife by men of very limited powers of mind, whose ability to distinguish between what is a beauty and what a deformity may, without offence, we hope, be questioned. If in the province of great genius alone is ensured their mother tongue, for there is no subject more

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

THE DIVINING ROD.

ANOTHER LETTER.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

THE WEATHER.

A MISSIONARY.

THE LETHEON.

The result of this discovery, which is universally admitted to be one of the greatest of modern times, is fully proved in a letter from Dr. Gerhard which has been found out, all the philosophers are wondering at the circumstance which never discovered it before. But the question is, how did the gods conceal it so long in the shape of intoxication be insensible to pain, and that the "Exhilarating Gas," which is said to be very similar to the Letheon, should produce such intoxication, to the use of the Gas in surgical operations, one, or no slight, a one, that we may well wonder that it was long before it was taken. Dr. Humphrey Davy, in fact, once really stumbled upon it, while experimenting on the properties of nitrous oxide gas—"when it appears especially," said he, "of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations, in which no great effusion of blood takes place." This remark was published in 1800, but Sir Humphrey seems never to have thought any further upon the subject, but allowed it to pass from his mind with the utterance of the above suggestion.

That the torpid state in which the patient is put by the application of the Letheon is nothing a state of intoxication, there seems to be no doubt. The North British Review, as quoted by the "American and Gazette," of this city, says ——

In plain language as in plain fact—there is no disguise; it is—the patient is drunk. He is drunk at first with a slight and very kind very pure, very pleasant, and very passing, and, when gone, leaving no "The Peasant," he little—we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

FOR TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday evening Post, one copy of "The Foreman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

Remember, we always state the Post Office concerned from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For FIVE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Foreman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday evening Post, one copy of "The Foreman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

Remember, we always state the Post Office concerned from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Peter Piperist Magazine" for one year—in, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Farmer's Library," a Magazine, for one year, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or "The Pioneer," Pictorial Magazine. Two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Foreman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remitting, when it is at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

The original tale on our first page, "Sunlight and Shadow," is by a young author of whom very high expectations have been formed, by persons of first rate literary judgment.

"Constancy" is, we think, a nice tale on the whole, though we hardly know whether to like the concluding sentence entirely, or not. What is your opinion about it, reader?

"Speculation in Whiskers," is one of the best humorous tales we have read for many a day. And the other selections are interesting. Take it for all in all, we think this number will pass muster pretty well.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To ——. The first poem, which you wrote when you were "quite a boy," is too cloppy; the second, which you wrote when you were "home sweet home," is too stiff; the third, that you wrote "in fun," we are not willing to publish in earnest; and the fourth, written "in a hurry," we shall not worry our brains to read with much relish. Upon the fifth piece, however, scribbled on the back of some letter with a lead pencil, and nearly unintelligible, we did read, contrary to our rule, structured by the fact that it was written in a hurried manner, and by the time we came to the end of it, we found it rather a pleasant task. But, if ——— ever sends us a prose again, with the information that it was written in haste, or scrawled with any other excuse to devise it is not the very best he can do we shall take the liberty of laying it under our editorial table without perusal.

To MY ABSENT MOTHER. We do not think this poem of all equal to the one noticed some weeks since from the same writer and therefore respectfully decline it. If it was all so good, however, as the following verse, we would accept it thankfully:

Never thou my memory sorrow,
Now thou art far away;
It cannot like absence pierce
Or a recurring day.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Mr. Prinkle's story is well-told—but as we have no reason to believe that the person he mentions is a very common one, and as we do not like to run the risk of giving offence to any class whereby the prospect of doing some good by it, we must respectfully decline his tale.

LOVE NOT ALL A FLOWER. The poem is accepted

OUR LANGUAGE.

It is probably well known to most of our readers, that an attempt is now being made, and has been in progress for several years past, to substitute a new Alphabet for that now in use, every letter of which shall represent one elementary sound of the English language, and in this manner make the spelling at a word an infallible index of its correct pronunciation. Now this object, which appears at first view a very commendable one—though many will doubt at once, whether the supposed good to be attained be worth the cost—becomes upon more mature consideration, of, to say the least, very questionable propriety. For, on intimate in the relation between language and the theme which represent it, that a change in the former necessarily implies a change in the structure of the language itself. If the alphabet be made more precise and definite, the language itself must become more precise and definite. As no stable contemporary, as the American and Gazette," well says ——

The tendency of a phonetic system would, indeed, be to narrow down the diversities of our language, and establish a fixed unity of sound; and the main question would then be as to the best mode of such a system of restriction upon a language which has hitherto expressed all tastes, and been as heroic as and expressive, apparently, in proportion to its wildness and irregularity.

It becomes, therefore, a very important question, whether in making the change desired, we should not sacrifice a great deal than we gained. Flexibility and copiousness are so important, we, move important than precision and definiteness. The former qualities are the most favorable for the ease of the imagination, the latter for those of science. And we are afraid that if these "new lights" or rate new darkeners were allowed to have their way, they would make the green meadows and shady road paths of the noblest literature the world ever knew, as trim and precise and artificial as a Dutch flower garden. They say, the English language was more perfect in Chaucer's time than it is now—and, by implication, that Spenser and Shakspeare and Milton, and Pope and Johnson, and Scott and Byron and Wordsworth, and hundreds of other learned and eloquent men, have thought and written, so far as the language is concerned, in vain. Yes, these great spenses have all been engaged in spoiling the language, as if now it is left for the geniuses of this day, to undo the mischief which for different geniuses have done. Modest, it is not!

"But it takes so long for children and foreigners to learn the language." Suppose it does. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they have acquired something after they have learned it, a language which is the grandest of our race; and which has laid all the world under contribution, and which is rich with the spoils of every nation, (as those that speak it are;) and not a mere Cherokee dialect of yesterday, base as a tree with hardly branches and no leaves. We have heard of writing down to the people. We have heard of writing in the language of a nation down to the comprehension of children of two years old, in condescending rather too much to the weakness of the intellect so old. But the writing we shall hear, will be of some wise philosopher's propensity to shall the slope into our intellect only half as high as ourselves, in order that the children may more easily stumble up them.

But the principal argument urged in favor of Phonetics we merely negative the present. The present language is accused of a great many things, some of which accusations we readily admit—others not at all. But if they are all true, it does not follow that we should abandon our mother tongue in disgust. Those great faults are but the shadows of great virtues. If the structure of the English language is loose and defective, it is owing to its ample of flexibility and copiousness. That the English, the greatest practical people in the world, have, to forming their language, chosen the virtues which now distinguish it, instead of choosing the opposite virtues, as the French have done, is to us but another proof of their greatness.

It, however, in the cause of the reformation, our language has shown a disposition to run into too much excesses, even upon the right side, (which we do not become,) the effects to restrain the excess should be cautious and gradual—lest in pruning off excrescence, luxuriance also go with them. And for this reason, we are not disposed to look calmly upon the assumption of the pruning knife by men of very limited powers of mind, whose ability to distinguish between what is a beauty and what a deformity may, without offence, we hope, be questioned. If in the province of great genius alone is ensured their mother tongue, for there is no subject more

A CHINESE JUNK.

The picture we gave in our last number of a Chinese Junk, turns out to have been laid before our readers in the very nick of time, as one of these vessels is daily expected in New York. Captain Stenmore, of the schooner "Mary Ann," which arrived recently at Baltimore from the Rio Grande, reports that he spoke on the 20th June, off Cape Henry, 200 miles distant, a Chinese Junk with the Emperor's flag flying, three hundred days from Canton bound to New York. The Junk was not rigged in the Chinese fashion it being too dangerous to cross the ocean with such unwieldy sails, but before her arrival in New York she is to be put in complete Chinese trim. The object in bringing this vessel over is to exhibit in her to cross the Chinese Coal of to life on the ocean wave."

Since writing the above, the Junk has arrived at New York. We take the following description of her from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce ——

She is named the Keying and has on board a host of Chinese curiosities, such as bags of rice, wood, sewe hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-five feet beam, and twelve feet deep in the hold. Her cabin is thirty feet long, ten and a half high, and has a flat roof covered with boards. She has two large pinties, but suspended in a curious fashion by two cables, made of rattan or bamboo; it weighs seventy tons, and is located on leathern cushions required—its immersion being twenty three feet when down. Her anchors are of iron. Her sails are made of matting.

The cabin is decorated with a host of painted birds, tigers and other animals. She has an idol placed in the stern, and preserves a constant supply of incense, and ornamented with flowers, beads, and a bunch of imitation pearls.

Her crew consists of forty Chinamen and twenty Europeans. She has three upright masts, and two sails. Her stern is five feet higher than that of a seventy boat She is built in the form of a whale boat, and has two rudders, one at each bow. The captain represents her to be a fine sea boat, remarkably well calculated for rough weather.

The Keying is painted white with a black waist as far as the foremast: then red to the stem. She has some gilt ornaments, and her figure head on the prow is a black. On the low rate, at anchor off the quarantine ground, the Junk has cost several five thousand dollars.

Other accounts say that the Junk has several very beautiful Chinese women on board, who have the smallest kind of small feet, and that a portion of the crew are Malays, with no very large amount of clothing among them; and that it was supposed that the proprietors will encounter considerable difficulty in getting the Malays rigged fit to be seen in the streets of New York. But doubtless the reports are fully up to the level of the truth.

TRUE LOVE.

The following extract from "Godolphin," is going the rounds of the papers:

If there standest on a precipice with thy mistress, hast thou ever felt the desire to plunge with her into the abyss? If sitting by the hearth of her father, hast thou ever felt an impulse "to plunge with her into the abyss," but rather to draw her back from the edge of the precipice. And now answer me, thou heart-learned, declaring our opinion, that the true love of no purity, to safety and noble mind ever suggested such a desire. Such feelings may exist, but they are in true love, but the heart that feels them is a morbid and unhealthy one, and approaches insanity just in proportion as the feelings are indulged in calculatingly. Let the young, therefore, so far from cherishing the first sinful suggestions of such morbid feelings, whom the to some a law of moral freedom, to which they owe them in doing, resolutely put them aside with "to get their behind me, Satan!" for, if encouraged, they will lead the mind from comfortable views of life and probable happiness, to unreasonable views, and perhaps, ultimately, to madness.

ROUND CHEEKS.

Some ladies—we speak not of the men—will be rejoiced to hear that a cunning artist, a decent worshipper of the beautiful, has invented "a method of restoring the fullness or roundness of the cheeks." It is to be done by means of metallic bullet screwed in the mouth between the jaw bones and the cheek. A patent has been taken out in London for this invention. The inventor, who hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, seems to have learned to the British capital, as the most proper place to dispose of his wares. Doubtless he will make quite a sensation among the fated belles and antiquated beaux of the artificial old world.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

Some months ago we noticed a long article in the New York Sun advocating the establishment of Congress or Nations. The Sun says ——

The idea of a Congress of Nations, a Council of Mankind, to whose decisions all questions of national right should be submitted, is not a new one. It has been suggested by many of the wisest men of the world, and has been the subject of many a speculation, and of more than one book. But it has never been attempted, and has always been regarded as the dream of philanthropists and visionaries. It is idle to the mutual relations of nations with the notion of Christian principles and the brotherhood of man. Such principles are not recognized by the majority of a code of liberal to restrain national interests, decree national rights, or settle national disputes. The law of nations is only another name for a compact of regulating individuals and societies, and appeals made to force and blood by nations are as useless and wrong as those of individuals. The suggestion of a tribunal to which to decide its strength, custom may sanctify it, for no one has ever proposed it; but the Christian world—but the acts of governments in the eye of equity and right, in the measure of reason and common sense, "of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations, in which no great effusion of blood takes place." This remark was published in 1800, but Sir Humphrey seems never to have thought any further upon the subject, but allowed it to pass from his mind with the utterance of the above suggestion.

That the torpid state in which the patient is put by the application of the Letheon is nothing a state of intoxication, there seems to be no doubt. The North British Review, as quoted by the "American and Gazette," of this city, says ——

In plain language as in plain fact—there is no disguise; it is—the patient is drunk. He is drunk at first with a slight and very kind very pure, very pleasant, and very passing, and, when gone, leaving no "The Peasant," he little—we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

FOR TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday evening Post, one copy of "The Foreman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

Remember, we always state the Post Office concerned from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Peter Piperist Magazine" for one year—in, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Farmer's Library," a Magazine, for one year, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or "The Pioneer," Pictorial Magazine. Two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday evening Post, one copy of "The Foreman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, "Peter Piperist Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remitting, when it is at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

The original tale on our first page, "Sunlight and Shadow," is by a young author of whom very high expectations have been formed, by persons of first rate literary judgment.

"Constancy" is, we think, a nice tale on the whole, though we hardly know whether to like the concluding sentence entirely, or not. What is your opinion about it, reader?

"Speculation in Whiskers," is one of the best humorous tales we have read for many a day. And the other selections are interesting. Take it for all in all, we think this number will pass muster pretty well.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To ——. The first poem, which you wrote when you were "quite a boy," is too cloppy; the second, which you wrote when you were "home sweet home," is too stiff; the third, that you wrote "in fun," we are not willing to publish in earnest; and the fourth, written "in a hurry," we shall not worry our brains to read with much relish. Upon the fifth piece, however, scribbled on the back of some letter with a lead pencil, and nearly unintelligible, we did read, contrary to our rule, structured by the fact that it was written in a hurried manner, and by the time we came to the end of it, we found it rather a pleasant task. But, if ——— ever sends us a prose again, with the information that it was written in haste, or scrawled with any other excuse to devise it is not the very best he can do we shall take the liberty of laying it under our editorial table without perusal.

To MY ABSENT MOTHER. We do not think this poem of all equal to the one noticed some weeks since from the same writer and therefore respectfully decline it. If it was all so good, however, as the following verse, we would accept it thankfully:

Never thou my memory sorrow,
Now thou art far away;
It cannot like absence pierce
Or a recurring day.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Mr. Prinkle's story is well-told—but as we have no reason to believe that the person he mentions is a very common one, and as we do not like to run the risk of giving offence to any class whereby the prospect of doing some good by it, we must respectfully decline his tale.

LOVE NOT ALL A FLOWER. The poem is accepted

OUR LANGUAGE.

It is probably well known to most of our readers, that an attempt is now being made, and has been in progress for several years past, to substitute a new Alphabet for that now in use, every letter of which shall represent one elementary sound of the English language, and in this manner make the spelling at a word an infallible index of its correct pronunciation. Now this object, which appears at first view a very commendable one—though many will doubt at once, whether the supposed good to be attained be worth the cost—becomes upon more mature consideration, of, to say the least, very questionable propriety. For, on intimate in the relation between language and the theme which represent it, that a change in the former necessarily implies a change in the structure of the language itself. If the alphabet be made more precise and definite, the language itself must become more precise and definite. As no stable contemporary, as the American and Gazette," well says ——

The tendency of a phonetic system would, indeed, be to narrow down the diversities of our language, and establish a fixed unity of sound; and the main question would then be as to the best mode of such a system of restriction upon a language which has hitherto expressed all tastes, and been as heroic as and expressive, apparently, in proportion to its wildness and irregularity.

It becomes, therefore, a very important question, whether in making the change desired, we should not sacrifice a great deal than we gained. Flexibility and copiousness are so important, we, move important than precision and definiteness. The former qualities are the most favorable for the ease of the imagination, the latter for those of science. And we are afraid that if these "new lights" or rate new darkeners were allowed to have their way, they would make the green meadows and shady road paths of the noblest literature the world ever knew, as trim and precise and artificial as a Dutch flower garden. They say, the English language was more perfect in Chaucer's time than it is now—and, by implication, that Spenser and Shakspeare and Milton, and Pope and Johnson, and Scott and Byron and Wordsworth, and hundreds of other learned and eloquent men, have thought and written, so far as the language is concerned, in vain. Yes, these great spenses have all been engaged in spoiling the language, as if now it is left for the geniuses of this day, to undo the mischief which for different geniuses have done. Modest, it is not!

"But it takes so long for children and foreigners to learn the language." Suppose it does. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they have acquired something after they have learned it, a language which is the grandest of our race; and which has laid all the world under contribution, and which is rich with the spoils of every nation, (as those that speak it are;) and not a mere Cherokee dialect of yesterday, base as a tree with hardly branches and no leaves. We have heard of writing down to the people. We have heard of writing in the language of a nation down to the comprehension of children of two years old, in condescending rather too much to the weakness of the intellect so old. But the writing we shall hear, will be of some wise philosopher's propensity to shall the slope into our intellect only half as high as ourselves, in order that the children may more easily stumble up them.

But the principal argument urged in favor of Phonetics we merely negative the present. The present language is accused of a great many things, some of which accusations we readily admit—others not at all. But if they are all true, it does not follow that we should abandon our mother tongue in disgust. Those great faults are but the shadows of great virtues. If the structure of the English language is loose and defective, it is owing to its ample of flexibility and copiousness. That the English, the greatest practical people in the world, have, to forming their language, chosen the virtues which now distinguish it, instead of choosing the opposite virtues, as the French have done, is to us but another proof of their greatness.

It, however, in the cause of the reformation, our language has shown a disposition to run into too much excesses, even upon the right side, (which we do not become,) the effects to restrain the excess should be cautious and gradual—lest in pruning off excrescence, luxuriance also go with them. And for this reason, we are not disposed to look calmly upon the assumption of the pruning knife by men of very limited powers of mind, whose ability to distinguish between what is a beauty and what a deformity may, without offence, we hope, be questioned. If in the province of great genius alone is ensured their mother tongue, for there is no subject more

THE DIVINING ROD.

Some months ago we noticed an interesting essay in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, which we intended to condense when we got time, for the edification of our readers. The following article from the editor of the Cincinnati Herald has saved us the trouble by indicting the following article. The editor of the Herald says that the article in No. 505 in the Divining Rod, and advises the reader to in first certain as to the facts of the case; but we are not disposed to exercise the certain of the editor of the original article in the Magazine, also professes to be—and we do not feel so illiberty to call a belief in a fact impossible, because we cannot explain it; for we are conscious that

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

But to the Herald's article ——

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has been for striking a series of letters on the subject of the matter contained in popular superstitions. Proceeding upon the very just principle that nothing should be entirely without foundation or reason could command for any great length of time, the popular belief, he has sought to explain upon philosophical principles, the manner in which various opinions have arisen, and have gained a hold upon the minds they contain. Amongst others which he examines is the very general belief in the efficacy of the Divining Rod in the hands of particular individuals for the discovery of springs of water, and of the underground springs of water In the mining districts of Cornwall, Wales, and the north of England, it is a very general belief that the divining rod, when held in the hands of a person of a particular temperament, will indicate the exact spot where water may be found by digging, and the depth at which it may be found. The writer in question, however, has a slight stumbling block in the way of his theories. The rod refuses to move in every case. Sometimes there is a slight stirring of the rod, but more frequently it makes no movement whatever. Sometimes it is quite violently convulsed, with, in fact, all the ordinary manifestations of pain; although there is no subsequent consciousness of it. The sensations of the patient, we remembered, are, for the most part, of a very pleasing character, and from the recollection or sometimes of night more and disagreeable dreams. But, however, the experiments of the inquisitive writer seem to be in any way connected with the pangs of the operation; in the midst of which the extraction is when really effected may be said to secure a complete and sensitive exemption from pain.

But the question of the importance of the discovery thus settled, and the glory given in great to the Letheon, the inventor, remains for a more difficult question, as to what particular American citizen the merit is due. For this great honor there are three claimants. Doctor Jackson and Morton, of Boston, and Dentist Horace Wells, of Hartford—to which last gentleman the Connecticut Legislature have awarded a vote of thanks, as the original discoverer. We have not read all the testimony upon this point, but we intend to in due time read it, and to be as fallless: Mr. Wells appears to have successfully employed the ether in dental operations as early as 1844, but he was not a very energetic, or pushing, or farsighted individual, and therefore did not perceive the value of the tremendous facility with which he was toying. Doctor Morton's attention was first turned to the subject by Dr. Wells, and he, perceiving its importance by very clearly the value of this new agent in surgical operations, made many experiments, and endeavored to secure the discovery to himself. But Doctor Jackson, it seems, was a man who had a reputation to lose, and he was rather loathed of the art of "puffing," and therefore kept out of it while, though he finally united with Dr. Morton, and became a joint patentee with that gentleman of 1842.

According to our present information, therefore, we should say that the glory should be pretty equally divided between Dr. Jackson and Doctor Morton—though we do not pretend, with our present knowledge of facts, to give a decided opinion upon the question.

Editorial Varieties.

IRISH RELIEF

The following letter has been received by the Chairman of the Philadelphia Relief Committee, from the Committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin, dated 15th of 5th month, 1847.

Respected friends—We wrote to thee per last packet under date of the 1st inst., and are since without further letters. The object of these lines is to inform thee that the Central Relief Committee have at the arrival at Londonderry of the John Welsh, and Indian Meal on board, which will be of the greatest consequence, arising, as we apprehend, from the increased price of provisions, and the difficulty which at present exists in obtaining them. We think much good may result from the administration of Indian Meal, in the present state of the country, and their little means exhausted in providing seed, in addition to subsistence for their families during the present season of scarcity, as at Lurgan.

We commend the subject to the consideration, with the advice given on a certain occasion in a Royal Philanthropic Society, which had just organized themselves to vain for a long time to find a satisfactory answer to the question, as to the best way of disposing of fish in it, wished no more than without the dish. First, satisfy yourselves on the truth of the fact, and, if it be established, before you seek the required explanation.

IRISH RELIEF

The following letter has been received by the Chairman of the Philadelphia Relief Committee, from the Committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin, dated 15th of 5th month, 1847.

Respected friends—We wrote to thee per last packet under date of the 1st inst., and are since without further letters. The object of these lines is to inform thee that the Central Relief Committee have at the arrival at Londonderry of the John Welsh, and Indian Meal on board, which will be of the greatest consequence, arising, as we apprehend, from the increased price of provisions, and the difficulty which at present exists in obtaining them. We think much good may result from the administration of Indian Meal, in the present state of the country, and their little means exhausted in providing seed, in addition to subsistence for their families during the present season of scarcity, as at Lurgan.

We commend the subject to the consideration, with the advice given on a certain occasion in a Royal Philanthropic Society, which had just organized themselves to vain for a long time to find a satisfactory answer to the question, as to the best way of disposing of fish in it, wished no more than without the dish. First, satisfy yourselves on the truth of the fact, and, if it be established, before you seek the required explanation.

THE PRESIDENT.

The President arrived at Washington, from his Northern tour, on Wednesday week. The Union says ——

We are happy to say that the President returns in good health, and that the fatigues attending the comparative relaxation he has enjoyed, and not exhausted by the long and laborious journey. He came, too, delighted with the cordial reception he has met with from the people in every part of the country, and with the evidences of their devotion to the principles of which he is the constitutional representative, and who have so chiefly, better qualified, to defend and to maintain the interests of the people in the discharge of the duties of the office, which has been so highly honored in him, and which he fills with so much ability and with such gratitude and all his attachment.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Jenny Hutchinson, the celebrated "Hutchinson Family" of singers, has recently built a beautiful stone cottage at Lynn, called High Rock Cottage. It is described as an elegant specimen of architecture, and has a fine observatory, commanding a view at the ocean, and one of the finest landscapes in the country.

We were going to say at first that Jenny was another Amphion, but then we remembered that Jenny was not one of the singers, but only went along to make arrangements and "carry the purse." Appearances, however, to have made the arrangements to some purpose. As his friends have say, however, we will do. "Let us see."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A young man was combined by a female, in Boston, on Thursday week. The New England tenures have always been favorable to the assertion of the rights of woman's equality with man, and the affair in question is a practical exemplification of the doctrine. The accusation was preferred by a young female, who, it is said, "seemed to enjoy the fun amazingly." The trial of a defendant was made by the gentleman, whether he "resisted the process," or gallantly took to his heels, is not stated.

THE FRENCH LINE.

The French steamship Union, which left Cherbourg on the 2nd of July, arrived at New York on the 11th inst. She brings three days later dates from the Continent of Europe, but none is important—the principal being that the Chamber of Deputies have extended to 1st of February the law permitting the free importation of food into France.

MEDIATION.

In the House of Commons on the 14th of June, in reply to a question from Dr Bowring, Lord Palmerston said that an offer of mediation on the part of Great Britain between Mexico and the United States had been made by the former as well as by the present Government, but that, as yet, it had not been accepted by either of the belligerents.

ROYAL JEWELS.

It is said that the diamonds alone, in the Royal Cabinet of Saxony, would pay off the heavy national debt with which that country is burdened. We p as the day is coming, when all the crown jewels, in every kingdom in Europe, may be applied to so noble a purpose.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Cassius M. Clay, Esq., has just published, by name of to the gentlemen of the latter of Gen. Taylor to the Cincinnati Signal, published in last week's Herald, and republished in the Cincinnati Philanthropist," he did not embrace the occasion to compliment some powerful politicians or wealthy gentlemen, but published it to his wife, in the following style and manly language ——

"To Lady Davy. "There is no individual to whom I am more indebted for the comforts of existence, delicate this week, as to you. The letters you have taken in the progress of it, has been a source of pride to me. The composition was begun and finished in a period of my life, when writing was pain, but has been delightful as it as a pledge that I shall continue to pursue it with unabated ardor. I endeavored to fix a proof of my ardent affection, which must be an obstacle, for it is founded upon the admiration of your moral and intellectual qualities.

"H. DAVY."

BURNING WATER.

The populace of Venice has been much astonished of late, by the circumstance that the water of an extensive well, which was hitherto in that city, burns brilliantly when brought into contact with a flame. This seemingly wonderful phenomenon is caused by the carbureted hydrogen gas which the water contains.

If much water of this kind is found, people will have to change the name of the settlers from that to the person who laid her "she would never set the river on fire,"—Indeed, I should be sorry to do such a thing.

A GRAND PROJECT.

It is said to be rumored in Rome, that the Pope is about to embark in a grand project, to bring back all wanderers from the bosom of the fold of the Roman Catholic Church. Some conjecture this movement to be the union of the Roman and Greek Churches; but nothing certain seems to be known about the matter, and we should not be surprised to see it turn out a mere bubble rumor.

RIGHT ENOUGH.

By a decree of the Landrath of the Canton of Glaris, in Switzerland, all the young men are interdicted from contracting matrimony before they are twenty-four years of age, and the females before they are twenty.

If they had said twenty four for the young men, and twenty-one for the girls, the decree perhaps would have been a still better one.

A LONG JOURNEY.

The wife of Col. Fremont has left Washington, for the purpose of joining her husband in California. She started under the escort of the famous Kit Carson, and design travelling, under his protection, through the Indian country, for a part of the way. She has agreed to meet her. May all kind angels guard her on her perilous journey!

EXPORTS OF FLOUR, &c.

The Evening Post publishes that over six millions of barrels of flour and meal were shipped to England and Ireland in the nine months ending June 30th 1847, and that the value thereof exceeds 30 millions of dollars. Same time last season, the exportation of breadstuffs from the United States amounted in money to $13,743,000.

PUBLIC BATHS.

The London Chronicle says that from the 5th of April to the 30th of May, 4,643 persons bathed in the Bow Churchyard Public Baths, Paul Street, and 1,000 sons of clothes were washed and dried. The receipts were £34 1s 1d., which nearly equals the expenses, without taking the interest on the money expended in the erection.

SANTA ANNA.

We have before us a portrait of General Santa Anna, which is said to be a correct likeness. He is, we hear, a fine looking man. Gens. Moore, late of the Texas Army, and Mr. A. C. Hamet, bear witness to its fidelity. It is published and for sale by A. Hoffy, No. 30 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

NEW MOTIVE POWER.

We see it stated that an English clergyman at Brussels, has invented a motive power which promises to rival steam. The machine is said to be composed of fluids. Eight pails of water, it is alleged, will be sufficient to carry a vessel to the East Indies. Perhaps so.

ERRATA.

In our last paper, an article is copied from another journal upon the cost of railroads, which says that the whole cost of the New York railroads was $46,000. It is evident from the context that it should be $46,000,000.

A YOUNG COMMANDER.

The Emperor of Russia has nominated his last born grandson, the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrowitch, a child only a few days old, to the command of a regiment of Dragoons of the Guard.

THE HOMESTEAD.

It is stated in the Tribune that the Legislature of Connecticut, at its recent session, passed a law to exempt homesteads for future debts the House stood to the value of $200.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Wisconsin; and Messrs. Scott, Sands, Y. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dow, E. V. Jennings, and Edward Gardner.

JOHN SIMMO, Canada, East and West.
Mr. ISRAEL F. LAMBERT is our travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Ely, C. D. Forrester, Jacob B. Wood, Theodore F. Wood, P. B. Forrester, Scott & Handy, John Ely, Dr. Cooper, Dr. Cooper and John W. Hightower, the two last named in Texas, Mr. Ely in Louisiana.

Mr. WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

General News.

HOUSES FOR THE POOR.

We noticed some time ago, an effort being made in England, to relieve the miseries of the poorer classes. The following is another instance of the same kind. A London paper says

At last one or two attempts have been made, in different parts of the metropolis, to provide decent and wholesome habitations for the poor. A society, we believe, of gentlemen, formed for the purpose, some six since, has nearly completed some houses for labourers, close to old Farrend Church, and other efforts which have come into practical operation have been by means of "Streets Improvement Act" and the Co-ly'ton of the Labouring Classes."

It will be remembered that in the course of last year, there was a public meeting of a range of cottages built by this society near Clerkenwell, in Mary and Green, three or four of the bench at St. Shop, and a large number of gentlemen of all opinions, interested in this establishment, the result of which have continued ever since to evin or the live. Last season of the benefits conferred on the inhabitants being always paid in the most exemplary manner.

Since then, another experiment has been tried. Of the old houses in one row of Field Lane, about Derry-lane have been taken, and nearly £1700 eyed in their entire reconstruction. Of course the rough drainage and ventilation have been supplied, and even a bath provided for the inhabitants.

This plan over the houses were thrown into one—as for the accommodation of single men, lodgers of the usual race of men who live in such a house. At this change, which is customary in all the lodging-houses in the Lodon, is a good one. Each room has been in a well ventilated room, kept in the most perfect state of cleanliness. The inmates, we believe, have control about a fortnight, yet already it is entirely filled.

But on this day the society is to hold its third annual meeting in another of the new families that ing in George st., St. Giles's,—where it has been engaged we nearly a year past, in the erection of a model lodging house, on a large scale, and in point of general particulars of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. This house is not yet entirely finished, but it is in such a state of forwardness as to enable the committee to invite their subscribers to hold their annual meeting of the society in it this afternoon.

This building is to accommodate one hundred men of the humblest class, and will be separated, it is said, in the most ample apartment. Two large rooms on each floor are devised by partitions into small separate compartments, each being the lodging place at one of the labourers. They even the poorest of the laborers of St. Giles will have a room to himself, that quiet and retirement placed within his reach.

The advantages of the house are the ventilation and, one, of course, as perfect as the architect can make them. The house is to be fitted with gas, and is to be lighted by the mouth of August. It is expected that the committee, we understand, that all these plans and operations will prove remunerative, and that in the end, or, there can be no doubt that, in the course of a short time, a vast change may be effected in the state of the working classes.

GROWTH OF FREEDOM.

The New York Commercial says that one of the most remarkable events, to a small way that it no-tice in Old England, this, is the entire establishment of faith enunciated by a candidate at a recent special election to fill a vacancy in Parliament. The candidate was successful. Another, in Ireland, probably, of the Duke of Devonshire. In reading the following extract from his speech to the electors, the reader must bear in mind that the man is a member:—Mr. Fo-dwick Lawson Gowan—has his pa vantage as a landlord in the county, and as a landlord secrecy, the Duke of Devonshire being his uncle, the Duke of Devonshire also an uncle or near kinsman, &c. &c. Per one and all of these reasons the gentleman's views seem to be very liberal. He said—

"I am a friend to religious liberty, and hate bigotry in whatever shape I find it, whether among the Roman Catholic populations of foreign countries or among the intolerant Protestants of our own land. I hold that no person should be taxed to support a form of religion to which he does not approve. I am a member of the Church of England, but wish that it should be divested of the power to oppress, and not by the money of that numerous and important class of the community who have seceded from the Establishment.

"I am decidedly opposed to church rates and although desirous of repairing the injustice which at our hands has been done to the Irish Catholics, I must unwilling to endow the payment of the Roman Catholic priesthood out of the national funds. The Church of Ireland is now a mere state, a national establishment, and I contend that its surplus revenues should be appropriated to the purposes of the state. My reason and observation teach me to be a free trader.

"I am in favor of shortening the present duration of Parliament, and the investiture of the ballot at elections. I entirely repudiate the doctrine of finality. I think that many of the present 56 pounds of the franchise who are fully entitled to it. Enlighten the people, and that enfranchisement will prove the best claim and the best security for the permanence of political power. I am in favor of the Government place of education, but I think that the study of the Roman Catholics ought to have an equal share in the benefits."

IMPORTANT SUIT.

A suit of some importance to flour dealers was recently tried at Oswego. The suit was brought by Seamen & Cusker against T. Wisner, on a contract for the purchase of 1,000 barrels of flour, in October, 1845, which the defendant subsequently refused to deliver according to the terms of the contract, on the ground that the purchase was made upon a misrepresentation of facts in relation to English corn, which put up the price of flour to a high figure per barrel. The defence rested upon showing that the plaintiffs alone were in possession of the intelligence, through private sources, before the purchase was made, though stating that they had nothing but the public intelligence. A number of witnesses were examined, and many of the letters were read on the part of the defence, to prove the misrepresentation and the knowledge which the plaintiffs had of the same at the making of the contract. On the other hand the plaintiffs proved that Wisner acknowledged himself satisfied with the contract after the news had transpired, and the jury, under charge of the Court, rendered a verdict of $1,029 in favor of the plaintiffs.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

The National Police Gazette says that there lives on the city of Boston, a man by the name of Hayden, who is in some respects the most remarkable man of his age. He is a mechanic by occupation, and some years since being in the vicinity of the State city, his attention was called to the case of a young man, poor, needy, and probably curious, who was charged with a simple and trifling offence. He stepped forward, offered himself as his bail, took the young man home, fed and clothed him, and gave him employment. He refunded and took care of him. His success in this instance prompted him to further exertions, without any set system, and in each of them have shared his confidence. He has thus saved the city several thousand dollars in fees and costs, and what is more, that many fine young men have endowed five hundred and eighty-two at the best man's notice in the city of Boston. More than two of them would have been protected.

EXPORT OF ICE.

They write to the Charleston (s.c.) Daily Courier that the commerce in ice, but recently commenced in the burning climate of India and the Indian Archipelago, has already become one in Boston (the writer principally carry it on, one of their most lucrative articles of export. In a circular the temperature of which in almost every month of the year is 84° of Reaumur, they have ice; they drink iced champagne in Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Batavia, Manilla, and Canton, where whatever was lately the only refreshment in use. To give some idea of this new equatorial commerce and its importance, we need only mention one house in Boston (the writer forgets to give its name) which in a single year has sent to Asia 161 vessels with cargoes of ice, which have yielded eighteen millions of freight. This is almost as much as the product of the whole wine harvest of Bordeaux.—*National Intelligencer.*

GAMBLING IN FLOUR.

The Boston Journal says, that new persons but dealers in the article, are probably aware of the extent to which gambling in flour is carried on by dealers in New York. For instance, we frequently see reports in the New York papers, similar to the following:—Sales of 15,000 barrels of flour to arrive in July, at $7,50 : sales of 10,000 barrels to arrive in August, at $7,55." We do not pretend to say that none of these transactions are genuine, but we are satisfied that a very considerable part of this four changes hands. When the time comes for delivery, the difference between the price agreed upon and the market rate, is paid either by the buyer or seller, as the case may be. It is in fact, nothing more nor less than a bet on the state of the market at a given time. In some cases bets of this kind are probably adopted to bolster up the market. We understand that one kind in the Shipping List, the following transaction in flour, which took place shortly after the arrival of the last steamer:—A sale of 1,000 barrels Western (ordinarily) within forty eight hours of the arrival of the next steamer at $6.50. On the day this transaction took place good Western flour could have been bought at $5, and the market was tending downward. Boundsmith would seem to be the last article in which a man would wish to gamble.

RIOTS ON THE FIFTH.

On the 5th instant, a memorial riot occurred at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 5th instant, between an excursion party and the citizens. Bricks, stones, and muskets were pretty freely used, and several persons much injured. The affair is being investigated by the proper authorities. The Baltimoreans were probably in no better humor in the first place, as the visitors generally are in all such collisions between them and the inhabitants of the town they unfortunately know of their company.

There were also several disgraceful riots in the neighborhood of this city—while the city itself appears to have been free from them—the "boys," big and little, and notwithstanding the published ordinance upon the subject, the streets resounded with the reports of muskets and pistols for a whole week, while rockets, &c. &c., illuminated the city during the evening in all directions, and to an unprecedented extent.

The fact is that, what owing to the war spirit that has been lately aroused or not we cannot say, more rowdyism was exhibited in this part of the Union during the last few months, just passed, than we have ever known of before.

SINGULAR.

At a recent sacrament in the Secedar Church, at Cedar Ridge, while the members were at the table some six or eight persons were attacked with a violent fever so suddenly that they were compelled to leave the church for home or nearest place of residence. Others of the congregation were also soon dispersed spread rapidly through the congregation, and upwards of one hundred members have since been taken dangerously ill. Whole families have been prostrated and a considerable number have since died.

INVESTIGATION BY CONGRESS CONSTITUTIONAL.—In the Supreme Court of the United States (Carter vs the American Insurance Company, 1 Peters) Chief Justice Marshall, in delivering the opinion of the court, said the following language:—"The Constitution confers absolutely on the government of the United States the powers of making treaties; consequently that government possesses the power of acquiring territory either by conquest or by treaty." Chief Justice M was not, but that the right to territory acquired by conquest may be secured, on the establishment of peace by the treaty by which the conquest is made, is equally a part of the law of nations. If, then, it be true, as it is, that all free nations possess the power of acquiring territory either by conquest or by treaty,

Selected Poetry.

OUR CHARLIE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN.

A little one—the only one we own—
God bless the lot, and keep him right and day,
And lead him safely on from stage to stage!
He is blue-eyed, and fairer than most be,
Cheek, lung, tube, nose and voice were to blame
And people say he speaks distinct in the rays of
I've never heard a bird so carol sing
Or sweetly to be with. His words
Without weight—and yet how judiciously they fall!
Much like the sound of silver bells they ring.
And fill the house with music. Beauty lies
An naturally upon his cheek as bloom
Upon a peach. Like morning vapor, flee
Before his smile all sullen and sour gloom.

A pleased child is he, and full of fun!
His laugh—rich hearty heart-throes!—and he
His half-articulate syllables melodies respectfully,
Till from their locket more start up and run.
The dewy are bright as diamonds. When they
roll
Adown his cheek, they seem to be the effervescing
Of the deep well of love within his soul—
The human tenderness of his innocent offering.
The human love to him upon the whole is steeper:
His plump and chubby grasp, and dulcious fingers—
The ball form'd gentle that round life fell light
sweeps;
The intellectual glow that faintly lingers
Upon his countenance, as if he talks
With some bright angel on his nightly walks.

We're trouble when we think that many a steam
May bear upon him in the time to come—
That his now beautiful and fragile form
May bear a burden sore and wearisome;
Yet, as the stain of guiltiness and shame
Be never placed upon the soul of I name—

So he preserve his virtue though he do—
And to his God, his sire, his memory prove
A faithful son, whom praise nor gold can buy,
Nor threats of vile, designing men can move—

We tell no more. We trust that He who trusts
The footsteps of the feeble hands, will hold
This lamb of ours in mercy's pastures fold,
Where every innocent name the loving Shepherd
feeds.

Humorous Sketch.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REVEILLE.

SPECULATION IN WHISKERS;

Or, Shaving in a Broker's Office.

BY SOL. SMITH.

There lived in Milledgeville, in 1839, a dandified individual whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were lapped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breast pin; coat, hat, vest and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oil'd and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *Real Whiskers*. Of these whiskers, Jenks was as proud as a young cat in her fur, when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such and such a bank, at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

"I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it," remarks Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one—not any thing; you wouldn't sell your WHISKERS!"

A loud laugh followed this clumsy remark. Jenks immediately answered: "I would—but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase, would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take them at the gentleman's present."

"What do you call them?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, pulling forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wish.

Well, that a-cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

Both of them "

Both of them "

I'll take them! When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall desire no money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale as follows:

Received of Sol. Smith *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for.

"J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, fancying five Central Bank S's, and silent all his acquaintance and the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that win; "I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a month after this, whenever I met Jenks, he teased me when I intended to call for my whiskers!

"I'll let you know when I want them," was all I'd say in answer. "Take good care of them—tell them occasionally. I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given to the members of the Legislature. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and I'd no doubt he was the busiest man in the place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was admiring before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a great rate.

"Ah," thus you are, old fellow!" said he, speaking to my reflection in the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"No, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face. "Perhaps now would be as good a one as another; you may sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"I'll let you know when I want them," was all he would say more. "Take good care of them—tell them occasionally. I shall call for them one of these days."

Time, that great destroyer of the managers—I mean—I'll not mention names—he don't deserve to be mentioned—came on apace, and with short steps overtook the day of the ball. I was at the ball, I believe. *I'll not look the other whisker in sight!*

A loud laugh from the by-standers and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with his single whisker, and he began to bodot upon my taking the whole of my property! But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose—I was not obliged to sell at once; and I chose to take but *half* at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I "was not going to be taken in by a swindler; and that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the company, to offer me my money back again—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said nothing. "My dear sir, there is no use of talking; I insist on your receiving that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk on a business principle. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price. What is your's?"

"One hundred dollars—*most* double my money."

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskerless! Jenks went to the ball, but before the night was over, *he wished he hadn't* been there.

THE COUNTERMAN AND THE AUCTIONEER.—A venerable man walked in from the country to see the city, and as he strolled along he was attracted by the noise to have breakfast at a hotel auction. He went in, elbowed his way through the crowd, and stood at the side of the auctioneer. He heard the praise of the goods, the solemn announcement in their cost, beauty, fast colors, cheapness and what not, and at length looking the auctioneer full in the face, said, with deep emotion, "Friend, where do you expect to go to when you die?"

For the Ladies.

PRESENT STYLE OF DRESS.

We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can move gracefully, walk nimbly, and, *decidedly*, sweep easily, and gracefully; and, in short, performs all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural state—the skin its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to show the natural characters of the person, and each of them has as far as we see, fair play. In former days, what was known of a woman's hair by the time of Henry VIII.'s time—or of her forehead under her hair in George III.'s time—or of the slenderness of her waist by means of a corset? Edmund's half lived of fall of her shoulders in a wet or wing in queen Elizabeth's time—or of the shape of her arm in a round bishopsleeve in more modern times? Now-a-days, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a perfection of elegance, that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils Forehead bright and smooth, as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which few centuries had lain neglected, and on the side of which, as on the side of a shell. Throat, a lovely stalk, leading the eye upward to a lovelier flower, and downwards along a sloping shoulder ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder; whence from the pendant calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, studded and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, (fingers we call, holding and unfolding at their own sweet will," and especially contrived by nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about.

And plenty more of similar charms, "dealing destruction's devastating doom" to all who are not prepared. Next need you even dread of seeing the feet, which at this our happy era lie in nubecula only the more securely in wearing, and "like little fairy boats" sit on the sea" beneath the skirt's deep and plentiful folds. Nor is the ankle even hopeless, if you are sufficiently attentive, and if it be worth the wearing.

The present dress has some features worth dwelling on more minutely. The gown is a good thing, both in its morning and evening form, but contains all necessary elements for showing off a fine figure and a graceful movement. Half a yard was cut down in a sharp angle low in front, with the collar running down it, which made the throat look long; now it is closed up again by the fall of the collar upwarting round it, which makes the throat look round. There is something especially fascinating, too, in the expanse of chest and shoulder, as seen in a tight plain-colored high dress—merinos or silk—like a hat sloping sunny bank—with the long taper arms, and the slender waist so tempting and convenient between them, that it is a wonder they are not perpetually embracing it themselves. Nor is this effect lost in the evening dress, but on the contrary increased, by the *berth* s carrying out that fair sunny bank still deeper, or rather enveloping it with a rich drapery of lace, which we admire for delicacy and beauty, though it impedes our view of what it behind. Far be it from us to attempt to describe the mystery of the bustle—except as the cause of Venus transferred from the waist to the shoulders. We must have worn almost every part of a woman's frame, so that scarcely one is left to be known from the other; but thank Heaven, this at all events has remained sacred. No man ever wore a bustle.

THE STRAW HAT.—There is one of the race, however, for which we must make special exception—because for its native beauty, and for its most glistening circles, and delicate neutral tints, but for a deep mysterious spell, exercised both over sex or sex, and over every thing that is not sex. This is the straw hat. The patriarch, not exactly pleased with the answer, called him "what he meant by such a reply?" "Why," repeated the boy, on a sort of simple laugh, "I'm the stocking, see?" "Stocking!" cried the boy down by the river, "I'm the stocking, snapper you?" "Why, not said the boy, with an unaltered countenance, "I'm under hands, so I must be stocking, see!

BRAVE REPORT.—A miller, in a midland county meeting a ball-witted lad one day, said to him:—"Well, Tom, does thee know what beast shakin' is?" To which Tom replied, "I knows what I know, and I knows what I dunna know." "How's that?" quoth the miller. "I knows best of a mon as knows what he didn't know." "Oh!" rejoin ed Tom, "it's all right. I knows you be a mon, but you don't know more corn you feed 'em to!"

A QUICK-WITTED MAN.—Most Scots, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a keen Scotch gentleman. "Just let me have your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how cud you pass sae?" "Well, sir, and ask my father."

SURGICAL RAPIDITY.—An honest farmer thus writes to the Chairman of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society: "Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

☞ The politest man in the world is the editor of the N. O. *Jeffersonian*. Accused of blowing an old maid, he declares upon his honor that he never saw one.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE BASS ROCK.

THE BASS ROCK.

"The fierce Dane,
Upon the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
Near to the town of Berwick, and there commenced,
Amazing Dane, looks o'er a fertile land."

HENRY DUNCAN.

One of the first objects that strikes the eye of the traveller, after he has crossed the Scottish border by Berwick, in this remarkable rock in the sea, which lies at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, at the distance of about a mile and a half from the coast of East Lothian. It continues to be seen during the whole of the journey by the traveller by *yonsden Haddington*, when the mountain called Berwick law, and other high ground, conceal it from his view. It is about a mile in circumference, and not much more than four hundred feet above the level of the sea, but looks considerably higher. The water that washes its precipitous sides is from thirty to forty fathoms deep. The rock on the approached in safety only in fine weather, and its sides, rugged cliffs are only accessible by an narrow passage that faces the main land. Close by this only landing-place in a castle, now in ruins, but once a place of great strength and some importance in history, consisting of four square towers and connecting walls. During the war of religion between Charles II. and the Covenanters, this castle was converted into a state-prison, and became the solitary residence of many west-country Whigs and recusants. When the dynasty of the Stewarts was driven from the throne of the United Kingdom, the Bass Rock was occupied by a brave garrison devoted to that ill-fated family, who obstinately defended it for several years, and gained for it the name of the *yonsden Haddington*, when the hospitable Berwick law, and other high ground, conceal it from our